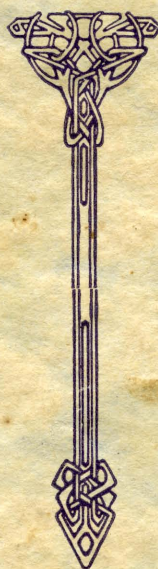


The Mays



MAY



1918



Class Motto: Impossible is un-American.

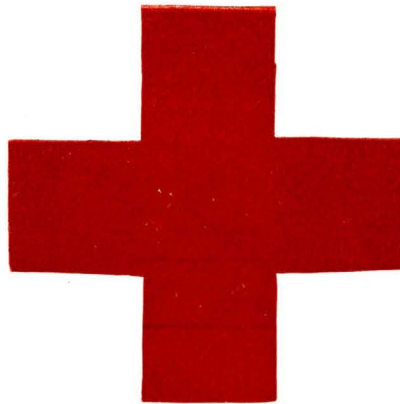
The Ulatis

Published by the Class of 1918

*Vacaville
Union High School*

Vacaville, California

May, 1918



*We, the Class of 1918 of the Vacaville Union High School,
respectfully dedicate this issue of the Ulatis
to the Red Cross.*

Senior

CLASS POEM

The golden glow of a summer's day
Rests o'er the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
On fields and laughing rills;
But ere its last beam fades away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours,
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures,
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When to our happy days of school
We say our last "good-bye."

Dear teachers, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught;
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wro't;
And may they bring good gifts to you
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-bye."

PEARL HEWITT.



GERTRUDE ADSIT—

“Wisdom and goodness are twin born, one
heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.”
—Cowper.



WOODFORD HARRISON—

“My mind to me an empire is.”
—Southwell.



RUTH McCRORY—

"Modesty is to merit as shades to figures
In a picture, giving it strength and
beauty." —La Bruyere.



REUBEN KUNKEL—

"His words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immacu-
late." —Shakespeare.



LILLIAN WELDON—

"Patience—of whose soft grace, I have
her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content."
—Shakespeare.



ANNIE STEVENSON—

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."
—Lord Byron.



CARLTON HINMAN—

"None but the brave deserve the fair."
—Dryden.



PEARL HEWITT—

"At all I laugh, he laughs, no doubt,
The only difference is, I dare laugh out."
—Pope.



VERONA GATES—

"Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers
strike,
And like the sun, they shine on all alike."
—Pope.



DUDLEY MITCHELL—

"Happiness and misery are the names of
two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof
we know not."
—Locke.



VERNA STOTTMAYER—

"Quiet talk she liketh best,
In a bower of gentle looks—
Watering flowers, or reading books."
—Browning.



THIS "ULATIS."

Patriotism ! That is a word which, today, is much used and which is of the greatest value. In order to win this war, we must all be patriotic in every sense of the word. Besides showing our patriotism by actually helping and working for the government, it is possible for us to do great good by giving up those things which are not absolutely necessary to us, but whose value would be of great benefit in helping the government carry on this war. Thus, we, the students of the Vacaville High School, have this year given up our annual large "Ulati" in order that we might give the money, which would have been so spent, to the Red Cross, where it will do far more good. In its place the Seniors have edited this small edition of the "Ulati," the cost of which has been decreased by the assistance of students and teachers in its editing, also in the work of binding. Especial credit and thanks for this paper are due to Miss Altona and Miss Kirkpatrick for their able and willing assistance, and to its editor, Gertrude Adsit, and manager, Woodford Harrison.

ANNIE E. STEVENSON.



CLASS HISTORY

Here we are, the Class of 1918, soon to make a turning point in our course, ready to travel the wide plains of learning and take what comes, and take it willingly.

It was only four years ago that we entered the halls of dear old V. H. S. There we found an absolute change from the grammar grades. Why, do you know, we were left alone in those halls of learning to gaze at each other in amazement. How frightened we were! Just a moment, this explains it all; we were only Freshmen.

The first year finally passed, but, oh, how long it seemed to us all. It, perhaps, will be remembered how during the latter part of that year we diligently tilled the soil out to the left of our school and planted geranium slips. They still remain, blooming almost all the year, owing to the care that Mr. Burke has given them. We hope that these flowers, when looked upon by those we leave behind us, will be a reminder of the members of the 1918 Class.

How fortunate we were in our Freshmen year that we were left unmolested by the upper classmen, even though we lived in dread of them for the first few months. By the time we had become Sophomores, we felt at last as though we really had begun to play a part in school life. We had accustomed ourselves to the ways of learning, and had acquainted ourselves with our much-thought-of teachers. It was during 1915 that so many of our classmates moved from our city. After beginning our high school career with twenty-seven students our class gradually decreased in number. We greatly missed one of our class members, Mary Elizabeth Calkins, who took a great interest in all our activities. She is now attending school in Berkeley. Russell Schroeder, Norman Alexander and George Sprague left us that same year, and have since joined the colors. We, as a class, are proud of the fact that these three boys, along with many others, have voluntarily given their services in this Great War which is now raging.

The following year we became Juniors. The class was increased by the coming of Samuel Terrill, Jr., from Salem, Virginia. We welcomed him gladly into our midst. Also Woodford F. Harrison, who came to us last September and is now our class president.

We, now called Seniors, have passed a busy year. It has been taken up by Junior Red Cross work, and the selling of Thrift Stamps. Even though the Juniors struggled hard in attempting to keep our "18" off the roof of the barn, we have kept it there, and it still remains, a bright '18, to the consternation of all the Juniors.

Our four years of high school life have passed quickly and merrily, and now, as the night of our graduation comes, we begin to think of the future, and what it has awaiting us. We have reached a lofty pinnacle, only to descend into unknown realms.

RUTH McCrORY.

CLASS PROPHECY

Hear, O ye men and women, youths and maidens and little children. Hear, ye people of Vacaville, to the words of wisdom which are given unto thee from your prophet. It hath been given unto him to dream strange dreams and see strange visions, even as the prophets of old. Hear, O ye people of a great race, for thus saith the prophet: "I shall lay stumbling blocks before this mighty people of the class of '18, and the men and women of that class will overcome them. Verily, I say unto ye, they shall wax mightily in their deeds, even as the children of Israel.

"And it shall come to pass that a man of tall stature and spare figure shall be a tiller of the soil. His wealth shall grow steadily and he shall become the leading man of that place. People shall murmur his name, Carlton Hinman, with reverence.

"Another shall rise from the ranks of that class, a small and dainty damsel. She shall persuade judges and juries and upon her office door shall be written 'Annie Stevenson, Attorney-at-Law.'

"Hear ye and be ye satisfied, for it is written that the wise shall hear and be content; that mighty class shall bear forth two English teachers. The one, known as Lillian Weldon, shall pursue her course with great success and her word shall be law to her students, for can she not look more cross than Miss Altona?

"But that other, Gertrude Adsit, she shall also teach English, but a doctor shall cast his eyes upon her and her career shall be at an end. Verily, I say unto ye, plant not your seeds upon the rocks.

"One shall separate from that class whom the future students of chemistry will curse as they study new chemical compounds discovered by Woodford Harrison.

"And one shall sell jewelry as a side line, but most of her days shall be passed in the country in the garden of a great mansion, where inspirations come easily, and her name shall be known as Pearl Hewitt, the poetess.

"Neither shall this class want a dentist, for from the window upon which is written 'S. Terrill, Dentist,' great wails of suffering shall arise, for ye shall understand that whoso openeth his mouth for this redoubtable puller of teeth shall not go forth free.

"If the dentist increaseth the sufferings of the world, it shall be offset by the nurse, Verna Stottlemeyer, who shall ease the pains of the sufferers with great success.

"And Dudley Mitchell shall rise from the ranks of a chemist to become a decorator of the interior of houses. He shall wax mightily, for the fruits of his labor shall grow even as the dollars of Rockefeller.

"Neither shall they need a business woman, for Verona Gates shall rise in the business world and others shall look at her success with awe and wonder.

"Hear me again, ye people, they shall also have a kindergarten

teacher. Ruth McCrory shall endear herself in the hearts of the children until going to school shall be as a frolic to them.

"Now ye who wish to know the future of your prophet, ask no more, for who shall know the future of such a man? The future of him shall rest with Fate.

"The Spirit of Prophecy shall now disappear until another graduation, when it shall again be invoked. As it hath been written, so let it stand."

Your Prophet,
REUBEN KUNKEL.

"Hear me, kind Prophet, as I bring unto ye a message from Fate. This Spirit has informed me that ye are to attend a College of World Renown. There, says he, ye will attain great heights in the science of Chemistry. Such is the message I bring unto thee, and let this prophecy be fulfilled."

CARLTON HINMAN.

GOODBYE V. H. S.

(Apologies to composers of "So-long, Mother.")

O teachers, dear, your little Senior class has grown so wise,
We now have all decided
That we must say good-bye.
The Stars and Stripes are calling now
On every Senior Boy from Winters to Elmira—
They hear their call with joy.

Chorus—

So good-bye, dear old High School, don't you cry,
Just bid your grown-up Freshman Class good-bye.
Somewhere in France we'll be dreaming of you,
You and your teachers so true.
Come, give us one good mark before we part;
We'll throw a kiss to cheer your dear old hearts;
Dry the tears in your eyes—
Don't you sigh, don't you cry,
So long High School bid this class good-bye.

O teachers, dear, each graduate must say good-bye today.
We take some thoughts we'll not forget
When we have marched away,
But we'll leave one you'll not forget;
That's why we're mighty glad that we're the only 18's
That you have ever had.

MOCK ADDRESS

(Apologies to Shakespeare)

Enemies, Tyrants and Fellow Imbeciles: This is the Seniors' funeral. Prepare to shed salty tears over our remains. (If you need any help, use an onion.)

The quality of the Seniors is not over-estimated;
Their praise droppeth from every tongue as the gentle rain from Heaven.
They are much beloved;
Loved by classmates and by teachers:
They are mightiest in the mightiest: they become
The High School better than its faculty;
The school contains the youth untutored,
That in time may rise to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit all their desires and aims;
But Seniors are above this petty realm;
They are above the common rabble,
They are an attribute to College;
And High School doth then seem most likest College
When the Seniors graduate.

To those infantile Freshmen-to-be from Grammar School,
I bear a word of hope:
Sweet are the hopes of Freshmen,
Which like the infant, ugly and squalling,
Wears yet the precious jewel of knowledge in his head;
And in High School life, exempt from wicked lures,
Finds leaves in books, legs on chairs,
Water in the faucets, and brains in everything.

Now to those soon to be Sophs; the Freshmen that were:
If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' painting
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
Notoriety with its appearance, that but your work
Might be the paint-all and the daub-all here;
But there upon the shed roof and the bridge,
You did o'erlook the consequence. But in this school
We still have judgment here, that you did but paint
Orange and green "twenty-one's," which being painted, return
To plague the painter. (Cement does stick to paint.)
This even-handed justice commends
To the contents of your paintpots, more discretion.

Then there are those gallant ones of "twenty" that soon will be Juniors. To them I say:

Good friends, bad friends, let me not stir you up
By any sudden flood of praise,

For there are some among you who are honorable.
What credits you have swiped, I know not;
The teachers made you do it for they are
Wise and crafty, and answer all your arguments
With fives and zeros and with flunks.
Oh "twenties," be content,
Speak your griefs softly: for I know you well.
Before the eyes of classmates and teachers here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: but be they gone,
Then will I give you audience.

And, oh, you Juniors, now that we must soon call Seniors:
You are the noblest boneheads of them all:
All the conspirators save only you,
Did that they did for common good;
You only, in a general envious thought
And natural stubbornness, made strife.
Your lives are wild, and the elements
So mixed in you, that Mephistopheles might stand up
And say to all—"Ye are my chosen."

Ah !

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
The Juniors do murder sleep; the innocent sleep,
Sleep that brings dreams of joy rides,
The end of each night's study, fair beauty's troubles,
Balm of late parties, great nature's most despised gift,
The thing we most avoid." Still it cried,
"Sleep no more!" to all the Seniors:
"The Juniors have painted the barn and therefore the Seniors
Must stay up and paint it over once more:
The Seniors shall sleep no more."

Faculty, there is nothing we can say to you that will wring your
hearts more; that will better show your tyranny, cruelty, unfeelingness and
brutish desire for blood, than to just look at us, regard us, cogitate upon the
ghastly result of your hideous methods. But at last hath the good Lord
seen fit to deliver us from this wicked host; and we are free!

DUDLEY MITCHELL.



CLASS WILL

We, the class of 1918, in twelve individual and distinct parts, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a crammed mind, well-trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, realizing that we, as Alexander the Great, Pompey and Napoleon, must give up the ghost, yield to fate, raise our right hand, place our personal seal upon this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us heretofore made or mayhap carelessly spoken one to the other as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour.

Item:

We give and bequeath to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from time to time in our examination papers.

Item:

We give and bequeath to the Board of Trustees our wily proteges, the class of 1919. We fully realize the great responsibility that we have placed upon them, but judging from our own success at subduing them, we know that they will be fully able to cope with them.

Item:

The following may seem trifling requests, but we hope they may be accepted not as worthless things lavishly thrown because we can no longer keep them, but as valuable to those who may receive them, and a continual reminder of the generosity we displayed in our free and full disposal:

To our beloved Principal, Mr. Eugene Warren Stoddard, we give and bequeath our rubber heels (we recommend Cats' Paws obtainable at Schaefer's store) for the purpose of slipping up unawares upon any wandering member of the class of 1919.

To Miss Lucy Dorothy Altona we give and bequeath our hypnotic powers guaranteed to produce a quieting effect upon study period.

To Miss Vera Frances Holland we give and bequeath our place in the Chevrolet every Thursday night after choir practice.

To Miss Emily Jo Roberson we give and bequeath on this solemn occasion our musical ability, realizing that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

To Miss Margaret Bertha Chase we give and bequeath all our spare shoes to replace those which she wore out in rounding up the Seniors during the first period.

To Mrs. Davisson we gladly furnish free of charge our latest book called "How to Avoid Explosions in the Chemistry Laboratory."

To Miss Grace Kirkpatrick we give and bequeath free of charge our revised edition on "The Latest Method of Teaching Penmanship."

To Paul R. Burk we give and bequeath all our stray books found on top of our desks and every place but where they should be.

To the members of the "No Lend and No Borrow Club" we leave

any stubs of pencils, erasers or scraps of paper that we have overlooked in our haste in gathering up our cherished treasures.

I, Woodford Harrison, do solemnly bequeath my delightful position as track manager to Ralph Frost.

I, Lillian Weldon, bestow to Elizabeth Adsit my power to wink, having on many occasions noticed her great need of said power.

I, Carlton Hinman, leave my virtue as a sedate bachelor to Ernest Chase so that in the future he may not be overtaxed by those flirtatious ways of his.

I, Dudley M. Mitchell, realizing I must depart from this structure of learning, donate to anybody who needs them, my hot socks. Apply early and avoid the rush.

I, Ruth McCrory, do generously leave to any benighted Freshman, who will accept it, as it is yet unclaimed, my trouble as Class Secretary.

I, Verona R. Gates, leave with due regret to Amelia Montgomery my share of the mirror in the girls' entry.

I, Reuben Kunkel, President of the Student Body, leave with pleasure my position to the next person who wishes the delightful task of meeting expenses and hope he will perform his duties to the best of his ability, as I have done.

I, Verna Stottlemeyer, leave to the Freshman class-to-be any overlooked wads of gum I may have left adhering to the under side of any likely or unlikely places. I have sometimes had to rid myself of these in too much haste to be able to choose the most desirable means of disposal.

I, Samuel Terrill, do reluctantly leave to anyone wishing it my fondness for taking part in school activities.

I, Annie Stevenson, Bright and Morning Star of the Senior class, throw out my last beams to distressed Freshies, willing them my love for study.

I, Pearl Hewitt, leave with blinding tears to anyone in need of it, my perpetual good-natured grin.

I, Gertrude Adsit, willingly give to Lee McCrory (having noticed his fondness for them during the past year) all the dirty test tubes in the laboratory.

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of 1919 the real and rightful successor:

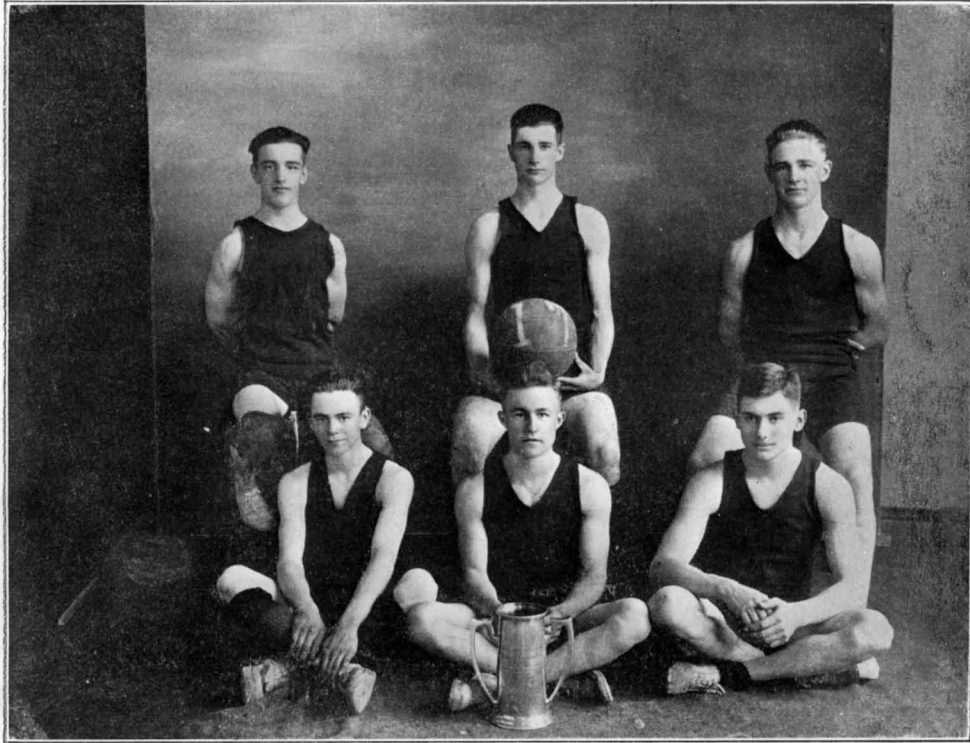
1. Our Senior dignity.
2. The balance in our treasury. We realize the great expenses under which they have labored this year in buying red and white paint.
3. Besides these enforced gifts, we leave of our own free will, our blessings, and our forgiveness for anything that we may not have exactly appreciated in the demonstrations of the past.

Sworn and duly filed this thirty-first day of May, 1918.

(Signed by) GLORIOUS CLASS OF 1918.

By Gertrude Adsit.

BASKET BALL TEAM



Top Row (left to right)—Andrew Stevenson, Carlton Hinman and Paul Chandler.
Lower Row (left to right)—Leland Lyon (manager), Charles Fotheringham (captain), Reuben Kunkel.

The basketball team this year won, through much hard work, the S. C. A. L. championship. They practiced faithfully all winter under the guidance of Dr. H. J. Smith, and were aided by the second team.

Notwithstanding the fact that the team loses two of its members—Reuben Kunkel and Carlton Hinman, who graduate this year—they expect to win the championship again next season.



